AN

EPISTOLARY POEM

TO

John Dryden, Esq;

Occasion'd by the much Lamented

DEATH

OF THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

James Earl of Abingdon.

By *WILLIAM FITTIS*,
Late Fellow of *New-College* in *Oxon.*

Quanto rectius hoc, quam trifti lædere curâ
Pantolabum *scurram*, Nomentanumque, *Nepotem?* Hor.

——*Cadit & Ripheus justissimus unus*
Qui fuit in Teucris & servantissimus æqui. Æn. Lib. 2.

LONDON,
Printed for *H. Walwyn*, at the *Three Leggs* in the *Poultry*, over against the *Stocks-Market*. 1699.

TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

MONTAGUE

Earl of ABINGDON,

Baron NORREYS, &c.

My Lord,

THO' I could have wish'd that the *Gentleman* to whom the following Papers are directed, had prevented me in the Trouble I am now giving You; yet I cannot but lay hold on this Mournful Occasion, to acquaint the World what a *Share* it has in Your Lordship's Loss, and what a *Concern* the *Muses* should have shewn, who have seen it so *visible* in Your Lordship.

A general *Silence* indeed shews the *Consternation* to be also *General*; but *Silence* among those whose very Sorrows should *speak*; Silence among Men of a *Profession* who are not us'd to *hold their Peace* in Excesses of *Joy* or *Grief*, is much more a *Crime* than an *Inadvertency*; and if I am late in my Offerings to the Memory of the deceas'd Noble Lord, Your Lordship's Father, it is out of the *respect* I bear to it, having been in hopes some Pen or other of a more establish'd Reputation would have acknowledg'd it self a *Debtor*, tho' it could never discharge the *Debt*, and have made an Attempt towards the *Description* of those Vertues which no *Describer* can do that Justice to which They deserve.

The *University* near which He liv'd and the *City* in which He dy'd, had both of 'em Gentlemen, who being of Merit *Themselves*, were capable of setting it out in *Others*; and if both had employ'd Themselves in recommending those Vertues to our *Practice*, which are so deserving of our *Esteem*, they had not laid under the Imputation of being idle, as well as ungrateful.

Their *Remissness*, My LORD, has added Wings to my *Diligence*; and tho' I am sensible Your Lordship's Father's Character is fall'n into ill hands, yet rather than not say *something* of One, who deserves to have *so much* said of Him, I must put in for a Petitioner to Your Lordship, and

and beg Your Acceptance of a Present, which has nothing but the *Zeal* of its *Donor* to recommend it to Your Lordship's Hands. That the Great Man who gives *Being* to the following Poem, by *losing* His *own*, was *Loyal* to His PRINCE, and *Affectionate* to His COUNTRY, unwearied in His *Alms*, and incessant in His *Prayers*, deserving the Highest Honours from His KING, yet retir'd from COURTS to commune with His GOD, are Excellencies worthy of His Muse whom the following Poem is perswading to the Recital of 'em; and there will want nothing to add to their *Perfection*, and *crown* 'em with their due Commendations, after I shall have said, He was Your Lordship's FATHER. For to give *Being* to a Gentleman who is exercis'd in *preserving* that of others, is as great as if the Noble Lord continued to *preserve* them *Himself*; and what was reckon'd as a *Compliment* in the Poet to the greatest of Emperors, *viz.*

——————*Nec enim de* CÆSARIS *alio*
Ullum Majus opus, quam quod Patet esse Hujus.

I may be very applicable to Your Lordship, and receiv'd for a Truth.

But I am running into the Character of a Gentleman, who has Merit enough to lose me in it; I shall therefore only add my Wishes, That Your Lordship may continue the Pursuit of those *Paths*, which Your Lordship's *Dear'd Father* has mark'd out for You, That Your Lordship's *Noble Brothers* may still practice those Vertues, which They have already given such Specimens of: And that Your Lordship may be an *Honour* to that NAME which has furnish'd us with so many Instances of its being *Illustrious*, as it has *Owners*, is the hearty Prayer of,

My LORD,

Your Lordship's most Humble,

and most Obedient Servant,

William Pittis.

THE PREFACE.

AS I have no great reason to boast of the Excellencies of the following Poem, so the Reader must excuse me if I do not enter into Confessions of its Faults, and prevent a great many Gentlemen whose time will lie upon their hands, if depriv'd of the Satisfaction of being employ'd in finding them out themselves. But I can justly tell them, That I have not left so much room for an Animadverter, as I did on the Epistle to Mr. Tate on the Taking of *Namur*; and have so far agreed with the Civil Gentleman who past his Censure on the Poems relating to that Subject, that if he continues in the same Humour of being hard to be pleas'd, he has more reason to be asham'd of it now than he had then.

In short, The Management of this is agreeable to the nature of an Epistle; and I have endeavour'd to suit the Majesty of my Subject with a Turn of Verse, which tho' it does not come up to it, is not servily creeping or affected: I have all along continued speaking to the Person it is directed to, and have been as careful of running into Excursions as possible. Several Expressions are indeed Synonimous; and tho' I might have said a great deal more of the Noble Persons whom I have had occasion to speak of, I could have wish'd I had said less, unless it was more deserving their Acceptance. And tho' I am not an Author confirm'd enough to carry my Coppies about

The PREFACE.

to Gentlemen's Chambers in order to pick up Amendments and Corrections, as the Practice is now of our most receiv'd Writers; yet I must in Justice to my self, and the Gentleman who has favour'd me with its Perusal, tell the World, it had been much worse had not Mr. Dryden *acquainted me with its Faults. Nothing indeed was so displeasing to him as what was pleasing to my self, (viz.) his own Commendations; and if it pleases the World, the Reader has no one to thank but so distinguishing a Judgment which has occasion'd it.*

I might here lay hold of the Opportunity of returning the Obliging Compliments he sent me by the Person who brought the Papers to him before they were Printed; but I may chance to call His *Judgment in question by it, which I always counted infallible but in his kind Thoughts of me; and therefore refer the Reader to the Poem in order to see whether he be so good-natur'd as to join his* Opinion *with the* Compliment *the Gentleman aforesaid has honour'd me with.*

AN EPISTOLARY POEM TO John Dryden, Esq;

Occasion'd by the

DEATH

OF THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

James Earl of Abingdon.

WHEN Heroes yield to Sickness and the Grave,
And pay that Life to Nature, Nature gave;
The *Muse* attending on their Hearse should wait,
To mourn the daring Enterprize of *Fate*,
And Tears unfealing, and her Sighs unfeign'd,
Should tell what *Earth* has lost, and *Heav'n* has gain'd.

But

But Oh! what *Muſe*, what *Numbers* can diſcloſe
Our preſent *Loſs*, and ſpeak our preſent Woes?
Ev'n *Iſis*'s Sons (and *Iſis*'s Sons have lays
Deſerving *Fame*, and which Deſert can praiſe)
Silent they ſtand, and with their *Harps* unſtrung,
Adore that *Worth*, which ſhould ador'd be ſung,
Grief! pow'rful Grief prevailing on their Senſe,
Permits them not to ſing the *Fate*'s Offence.
But Thou, *Great Bard*, whoſe hoary Merits claim
The *Laureat*'s Place, without the *Laureat*'s Name;
Whoſe Learned Brows, encircled by the Bays,
Beſpeak their *Owner's*, and their *Giver's* Praiſe;
Thou, *Dryden*, ſhould'ſt our Loſs alone relate,
And Heroes *mourn*, who Heroes canſt *create*.
Amidſt thy Verſe the Wife already ſhines,
And owes her *Vertues*, what ſhe owes thy *Lines*.
Down from above the Saint our Sorrows views,
And feels a ſecond Heaven in thy Muſe;
Whoſe Verſe as laſting as her Fame ſhall be,
While thou ſhalt live by *Her*, and ſhe by *Thee*.
Oh! let the ſame immortal numbers tell
How juſt the Husband liv'd, and how he fell,
What Vows when *living* for his Life were made,
What Floods of Tears at his *Deceaſe* were paid;
And ſince their *deathleſs Vertues* were the ſame,
Equal in *Worth*, alike ſhould be their *Fame*.
But thou withdrawn from us, and publick Cares,
Flatter'ſt thy Age, and feed'ſt thy growing Years,
Supine, unmov'd, regardleſs of our Crys,
Thou mind'ſt not where *Thy Noble Patron* lies:
Wrapt in Death's Icy Arms within his Urn,
Behold Him ſleeping, and beholding mourn:

Speech-

Speechleſs That *Tongue* for wholeſom *Counſels* fam'd,
And without ſight thoſe *Eyes* for *Luſt* unblam'd,
Bereav'd of Motion are Thoſe *Hands*, which gave
Alms to the Needy, did the Needy crave.
Ah! ſuch a Sight, and ſuch a Man Divine,
Does only call for ſuch a *Hand* as Thine!
Great is the Task, and worthy is Thy Pen,
The beſt of Bards ſhould ſing *the beſt of Men.*
Awake, ariſe, from Thy Lethargick State,
Mourn *Britain*'s Loſs, tho' *Britain* be ingrate;
Nor let the ſacred *Mantuan*'s Labours be
A *Ne plus ultra* to Thy Fame, and Thee.
Thy *Abingdon*, if once Thy glorious Theme,
Shall vie with His *Marcellus* for Eſteem,
Tears in his Eyes, and Sorrow in his Heart
Shall ſpeak the *Reader's* Grief, and *Writer's* Art:
And, tho' this barren Age does not produce
A great *Auguſtus* to reward Thy Muſe;
Tho' in this Iſle no good *Octavia* reigns,
And gives Thee *Virgil*'s *Præmium* for His Strains:
Yet *Dryden*, for a while forſake Thy Eaſe,
And quit Thy *Pleaſures* that Thou more may'ſt *pleaſe.*
Apollo calls, and ev'ry *Muſe* attends
With ev'ry *Grace*, who ev'ry *Beauty* lends.
Sweet is Thy Voice, as was Thy *Subject's* Mind;
And like *His Soul* Thy *Numbers* unconfin'd,
Thy *Language* eaſy, and Thy flowing *Song*,
Soft as a *Vale*, but like a *Mountain* ſtrong.
Such *Verſe* as Thine, and ſuch alone, ſhould dare
To charge the *Muſes* with their preſent Care.

Thine, and the *Cauſe of Wit*, with ſpeed maintain,
Leaſt ſome rude Hand the ſacred Work prophane,
And the Dull, Mercinary, Rhiming Crew,
Rob the *Deceas'd* and Thee, of what's your due.
Such Fears as theſe, (if Duty cannot move,
And make Thy Labours equal to Thy Love)
Should haſten forth thy *Verſe*, and make it ſhow
What Thou, Mankind, and ev'ry Muſe does owe;
As *Abingdon*'s High Worth exalted ſhines,
And gives, and takes a Luſtre from thy Lines,
As *Eleonora*'s pious *Deeds* revive
In *Him*, who ſhar'd *Her* Praiſes when alive.
So the ſtern *Greek*, whom nothing could perſwade
To quit the raſh Engagements which he made,
With ſullen Looks, and Helmet laid aſide,
He ſooth'd his Anger, and indulg'd his Pride;
Careleſs of Fate, neglectful of the Call
Of Chiefs entreating till *Patroclus*'s Fall.
Rouz'd by his Death His *Martial Soul* could bend,
And loſe his whole Reſentments in his Friend;
As to the dusky Field he wing'd his Courſe,
With Eyes impatient, and redoubled Force,
And wept him dead in thouſands of the Slain,
Whom living, *Greece* had beg'd his Sword in vain.
One Friend in Tears *that* ſhade could only boaſt,
And *Grecia gain'd*, in what *Achilles loſt*.
But Oh! the *Glorious Dead*, to whom we pay
Our preſent Grief, and fruitleſs Sighs convey,
He! ſo his Worth demands, and Vertues crave,
Is wept by Thouſands, who could Thouſands ſave.

Yonder

Yonder He lies, ah! what has *Albion* done,
To be thus puniſh'd in *Her Noble Son?*
Round Him his *Orphan Children* Penſive ſtand,
And Sadneſs reigns, and deepeſt Griefs command,
Brave Manly Sorrow ſits upon their Face,
And ſpeaks at once their *Duty*, and their *Race.*
A Father's *Death* for Lamentations crys,
But what that asks, a Father's *Life* denies;
Their *Hearts* are acting what their *Eyes* forbear,
Remembring what *He* was, and what *They* are.
Amidſt the reſt, ſuperlative in Care
Erects Himſelf, his Wealth and Honour's Heir,
To Heav'n He looks, for Heav'n alone could take
A Soul like His of *bright Ætherial* make,
And argues with its Laws, and blames thoſe Pow'rs,
Who ſuffer'd Fate to thwart His Vows and Ours:
As His *Religion* with His *Duty* ſtrives,
And *He* bewails for loſt, what *He* revives.
The *Sons* deſcrib'd, the *Brothers* next appear,
And *Leeds* and *Lindſey* penſive *Sable* wear.
The firſt the *Prop*, and *Atlas* of the State,
Tho' now reſign'd the Charge, and pompous Weight;
And who had ſtill (could murm'ring *Brittains* know
What grateful Minds to their *Protectors* owe)
Beſtow'd his *Counſels* and purſu'd his *Toils*,
Had we return'd his Labours with our Smiles.
But We, to do this thankful Nation right,
Hug the *Deliv'rance*, the *Deliv'rer* ſlight,
And uſe ſuch *odd Acknowledgments* as ſhow
Not what We *take*, but what the Givers *owe.*
Grant Heav'n, the Pilot gone, that *Albion*'s Realm
May never want His *Guidance* at her Helm;

Round

Round Her may no rough Storms or Billows beat,
To force Him from His Leiſure, and retreat;
Tho' much I fear, and preſcious is the *Muſe*,
That She ſhall court that *Help* we could *refuſe*.
The laſt, but oh! what daring Pen can ſhew,
Sorrows like His, and paint thoſe Sorrows true!
In *Vertues*, and in *Honour's* Liſt the Chief,
Mournful He ſtands, yet Conq'ror of His Grief;
His *Father's Courage* boils within *His Veins*,
And o're the *Brother's* Loſs contends, and reigns.
But why, alas! do I in vain purſue
Sorrows like His, which fly the Searchers View?
The Nobleſt *Muſe* in ſuch Attempts muſt fail,
Heroes *like Him* ſhould grieve behind a Veil.
Yet cannot I (tho' lowly be my Song,
And whom *'twould praiſe* perhaps the Verſe may wrong)
Neglect ſuch *Goodneſs*, and ſuch *Worth* forbear,
Which I, ev'n I, by *His Example* ſhare.
Lindſey! A Name to *Britain's* Subjects known,
So far from *Fraud*, and yet ſo near the *Throne*;
The *Courtier's* Pride without the *Courtier's* Arts,
And great His Poſt, as great are His Deſerts;
Retir'd from all the Pageantry and Pride
Of *Pallaces*, in private to reſide,
He flies the Place where ſpecious Ills reſort,
And *loves* the *Monarch*, tho' he *ſhuns* the *Court*.
But I, too far by *Lindſey's* Worth am led,
And in the living *Heroe* loſe the *Dead*.
Ah! *Sacred Shade* from ſinful *Albion* torn,
Whom we muſt ever *want*, and ever *mourn*,
Whoſe *Life* could teach us, and whoſe *Death* could tell
The *Comforts*, and the *Joys* of living well:

He

He from above our weak Attempts ſurveys,
And what we *Offer*, to His Maker pays,
Thankful to Him by whoſe all-wiſe Decrees,
Nature had made Him *live*, and made Him *pleaſe*.
Within, their Tears the *Weeping Servants* ſpend,
And as they mourn their *Maſter*, mourn their *Friend*;
Without, the *Poor* their ſad Attendance give,
And almoſt ceaſe, their *Patron* dead, to live.
Their *Wants* are loud, and clam'rous is their *Care*,
Having no hopes but *Heav'n*, and in His *Heir*.
And, who but they can *Fortune's Wrongs* redreſs,
And *Iſrael's* Sons with *Iſrael's Manna* bleſs?
Support the *Feeble*, and Employ the *Strong*,
And Nurſe the *Aged*, and Inſtruct the *Young*?
Who can His *Counſels* with His *Bounty* give,
And ſaving Life ſhall teach 'em how to live?
But Oh! *not only Theſe* have cauſe for Tears,
Tho' great Their Loſs, and juſt Their growing Fears;
Nations ſhould weep, and *Kingdoms* ſhould employ
Their Grief on Him who was a Kingdom's Joy.
To be a *Father* Tender, Juſt, and Good,
A *Brother* in Affection, as in Blood;
To be a *Maſter*, whoſe Indulgence ſtrove
Ev'n to out-do His *Grateful Servants* Love;
To be a *Patron* permanent, and wiſe,
Still giving, and prepar'd for Merit's Crys:
Theſe! Theſe are Actions of *uncommon Fame*,
And rarely practic'd, may our Wonder claim.
But to ariſe in injur'd *Vertue's* Cauſe,
Defend our *Freedoms*, and aſſert our *Laws*,
To ſide with *Juſtice*, and in part ſecure
That *Worſhip* holy which with Him was *pure*;

As much exceeds thoſe *Vertues*, as *They* raiſe
Their Deeds above the vulgar Merit's Praiſe,
And purchas'd *Bleſſings* ne'r had been reſtor'd,
But by the *Prince* He ſerv'd, and by *His Sword*.
Juſt was the *Cauſe*, as was its *Champion* brave,
Reſolv'd to die, or elſe reſolv'd to ſave;
Much did His Love to Him that *err'd* perſwade,
But more the *Error* beg'd, and urg'd His Aid.
Up from His dear Retreat, and lov'd Abode,
He rais'd Himſelf, impatient for His God;
Nor ſheath'd His pious Sword, nor eas'd His Thoughts,
Till *Heav'n* had ſav'd the *Land*, and heal'd her Faults:
And then quite deaf to *proffring Courts* He came,
Rejecting *Titles*, and reſiſting *Fame*,
And hid from *Buſineſs*, tho' He could not hide
From doing Good, He *bleſs'd His God, and dy'd*.
So *Rome*'s Dictator from the *Plough* aroſe,
And left his *Pleaſures* to purſue his Foes;
But *Rome* preſerv'd, and *Roman Rights* maintain'd,
Home he return'd, and in his *Farm* he reign'd,
Eaſe and *Retreat* the *Triumphs* which he fought,
And reap'd the fruits of *Peace*, for which he fought.
Methinks, I ſee the *dying Heroe* lie,
Joys in His *Heart*, and Raptures in His *Eye*,
Chearful His *Looks*, and eaſy is His *Mind*,
Speechleſs expiring, thoughtful, and reſign'd.
Children, and *Wealth*, and *Brethren* urge His ſtay,
But *Heav'n's* in view, and wings Him on His way.
And lo! He mounts, around Him *Angels* fly,
And bear their *Sacred Charge* along the Sky;
Heroes ſtand up, and *Saints* departed greet
Their Heav'nly Gueſt, and guide Him to His Seat.

But

But who can *Eleonora*'s Joys reveal?
Or ſpeak thoſe Pleaſures only She can feel?
Swift to Her Husband's Arms the Goddeſs flies,
Dwells on His Looks, and feaſts upon his Eyes,
Entranc'd her Mind, ſtill growing freſh Delight,
Which ev'ry Look renews, and ev'ry Sight;
Ten Thouſand haſty Welcomes ſee Her give,
Ten Thouſand Queſtions ask of thoſe who live;
Again She hears Him, and again entreats
Th' obliging News, which He again repeats;
As in each other's Arms reclin'd, They ſhare
Each other's Praiſes, and each other's Pray'r.
O *DRYDEN!* quick the *Sacred Pencil* take,
And riſe in *Vertue's* Cauſe for *Vertue's* ſake;
Of Heav'n's the Song, and *Heav'n-born* is Thy *Muſe*,
Fitting to follow Bliſs which mine will *loſe*:
Bold are Thy Thoughts, and ſoaring is Thy Flight,
Thy Fancy tempting, Thy Expreſſions bright;
Moving Thy Grief, and pow'rful is Thy Praiſe,
Or to command our *Tears*, or *Joys* to raiſe.
So ſhall *His Worth*, from Age to Age convey'd,
Shew what the *Heroe* did, and *Poet* paid;
And future Times ſhall practice what they ſee
Perform'd ſo well by *Him*, and *prais'd* by *Thee*,
Whilſt I confeſs the Weakneſs of My Lays,
And give My *Wonder* where Thou giv'ſt Thy *Praiſe*:
As I from ev'ry Muſe but Thine retire,
And *HIM* in *Thee*, and *Thee* in *HIM* admire.

FINIS.

642.12
2

THE PATENTEE:

OR,

Some Reflections in Verse on Mr. R——*'s forgetting the Design of his Majesty's* Bear-Garden *at* Hockly in the Hole, *and Letting out the Theatre in* Dorset-Garden *to the same Use, on the Day when Mr.* Dryden's *Obsequies were perform'd; And both Play-houses forbore Acting in Honour to his Memory.*

TWAS well perform'd, as it was well design'd,
And Lords and Commons the Procession joyn'd;
Horror in all its Pomp of Sorrows drew
A Scene of Woe which Grief could hardly view,
When through the Streets the mournful Chariots pass'd,
And slowly bore what Fate destroy'd in hast;
As weeping Crouds officious in their Praise,
Sprinkled with flowing Tears the wither'd Bays.

Yet what avails it? That this Prince of Bards,
Has all just Honours paid, and due Regards;
That He in *Chaucer's* Grave most Nobly sleeps,
And Fame around his Tomb her Vigils keeps;
That Learned *Garth* his Sacred Worth has shown
In Eloquence, not Second to his own,
And, speaking what shall be with pleasure read,
Reviv'd those Vertues which he wept for *Dead*.
That Hireling Players could their Acts refrain,
And greedy Patentees forgoe their Gain,
To pay their cheap Acknowledgments of Woe;
And own a Debt which they must ever owe;
If on the solemn Day the *Stage* is lent
For Slaves to tread, and Villains to frequent,
As Noise, and Nonsence joyn'd together sit,
And desecrates the Hallow'd Seat of *WIT*.

Oh! Sacred Bard, from whose instructive Lays,
Britannia conquers *Italy* in Praise,

Who

Who feel'ſt the Raptures which thy Numbers taught,
And ha'ſt no other Eyes but thoſe of Thought;
A while forget thy bleſs'd Abode, and ſee
That Houſe prophan'd which owes its Fame to Thee.
Within whoſe Walls thy coppy'd Heroes ſhew,
How much the *Feign'd* could perſonate the *True*;
Behold the Structure, and ſurvey the Dome
Which makes *Auguſta* Rival ancient *Rome*,
And ſhews the Glories of the *Britiſh* Iſle,
As *Europe* cannot boaſt a Nobler Pile;
The beſt of Buildings, and the worſt abuſ'd,
A Stable ſhould not be ſo meanly us'd.

Ah! ſee the Place where thy *Ventidius* ſtood,
Bending with Years, and moſt gratefully good,
Unmov'd by Fate, and of unſhaken Truth,
His Counſels thoſe of Age, His Courage that of Youth;
Where Mourning *Anthony* conceiling ſtrove
Which to relinquiſh, *Honour*, or his *Love*,
As every Hearer's Sorrows took his Part,
And only wept for him who griev'd with Art.

Butchers and *Bailiffs* now the Boxes fill,
Where Ladies Eyes were Inſtruments to kill,
Where *Kit-Cats* ſate, and *Toaſters* would be ſeen,
Theſe *ſwoln* with *Wit*, and thoſe with *Lateſt* Spleen.

But its in vain that I Reſentments ſhew,
The craving Muck-worm *R*—— will have it ſo,
And ſpight of Shame, and due Reſpect to Senſe,
Has turn'd it to a *Slaughter-houſe* for Proſe.
Departed Shade! For whom he Sorrows feigns,
And ſends his Mourning Coaches for his Gains,
Down from above thy Sacred Spirit dart,
And Influence, ſome Author with thy Art,
To laſh the griping Wretch, who dare debaſe,
So fine a Structure, and ſo ſweet a Place.

May *P*——*l* leave him, nor *V*——*s* more
Act a Coquet, or an imagin'd *Wh*——*re*.
May *W*——*ks* no fam'd *Sir Harry Wild-airs* make,
Diverting only for its Actors ſake,
But *Patentee* left Weeping in the lurch,
See *Drury*-Play-houſe thin as Pariſh-Church;
'Till it at laſt has neither *Wh*——*re*, nor *Cully*,
A juſt Reward for *Dorſet-Garden* Folly;
And is let out (to finiſh it's diſgrace)
To ſell the *Meat* that's *kill'd* at t'other *Place*.

Printed in the Year, 1700.

PANEGYRICK

On the Author of *Absolom* and *Achitophel*, occasioned by his former writing of an *Elegy* in praise of *Oliver Cromwel*, *lately Reprinted*.

WHEN Old Philosophers wrote the Worlds Birth,
And from wild *Chaos* brought great Nature forth;
The self same Atoms as they different ran,
Club'd to a Lyon, Monky, Bear, or Man:
From such thin Sires such solid Off-springs grew,
So Divine Wits, like the *First Matter* Thou:
Thy subtle Sparks do such strange Products make,
That Thou just nothing, yet all Forms canst take.
So justly thou hast deserved thy long-worn Bays,
That as a Trophy to thy Endless Praise,
Let that great Poem its long Silence break;
The worthyest of thy vast Creation speak.
Methinks I fancy how bold *Mastix* Dart
Was level'd at *Parsons*'s Royal Heart,
And in defeated Rage I see him doom
His [illegible] Hand t'its flaming Martyrdom.
Let his poor Deeds in dull Oblivion dye;
Thy Vengeance with a surer Aim lets fly:
In keen Iambicks 'gainst thy Sovereign Lord,
Thy Pen was more Successful than his Sword.
So vast a Pile thy lofty Numbers raise
Those Babel-Builders to great MOLOCHS praise,
A Pile which to thy Honour will surpass
Even thy own *Corah's Monumental Brass*.
Thou writest with so much Flame, Flame so refined,
That Poetry 's the Feaver of thy Mind:
And Feaver-like in those bleak days of Yore,
When Loyalty was Naked left and Poor,
Thy Aguish Veins Chill'd at a Starving Door.
But Burning high thy active Spirits ran
At prosperous Rebellions warmer Sun.
When *Phaeton* misled the Day, and hurl'd
His scatter'd Fires around the scorching World:
How would his Glories in thy Meeter Chime,
The Groans of Worlds thus softned into Rhime?
Or when great *Nero* set his *Rome* on Fire,
And Tuned its Ruine to his jocund Lyre;
How with his Musick would thy Notes agree,
A Song, great Bard, fit to be Set by Thee.
Such Wonders have thy powerful Ra[illegible]own,
Pythagoras Transmigration [illegible] done,
His Souls of Heroes [illegible] Expired,
Down into Birds and [illegible] retired.
But thou to Savages and Monsters dire
Canst infuse Sparks, even of Celestial Fire.

45 l 30 577

Make

Make Treason Glory, Murderers Heroes live;
And even to REGICIDES canst GODHEADS give.
Thus in thy Songs, the yet warm Bloody Dart,
Fresh reaking in a Martyr'd Monarchs Heart.
Burnish't by Verse, and polisht by thy Lines,
The Rubies in Imperial Crowns outshines.
Whilst in Applause to that sad days Success,
So Black a Theme in so Divine a Dress;
Thy Soaring Flights *Prometheus* Thefts excell:
Whilst Thou stealst Fire from Heaven t'enlighten HELL.
But stay, my Muse, here change thy gawdy strain,
And shew a New, no less Prodigious Scene.
That Lawrell'd Head, whose sweet Melodious Tongue,
To *Curse ye Meroz* IO PÆAN Sung,
A Bag-pipe Drone to the old Priestcraft Cant:
Who once did Consecrated Daggers chant,
And *Englands* great *Ravillack* sung before;
Now Tunes his Pipes to *David's* Righteous Lore.
In *Cævolas* Stump the Convert Pen he brings,
And his *Burnt Hand* now writes the Praise of Kings.
Thus Bold, thus Great, and all in the Extream,
His Panegyricks are like *Daniel's* Dream;
This Tribute now to *David's* Glory pay,
A Head of Gold to his old Feet of Clay.
No wonder then so Feelingly he tells
Of *Corahs*, *Shimeis*, and *Achitophells*.
Such Characters he may well gild so fine,
Who has their Rich Ore from his own Native Mine.
How vast an Orb has a Poetick Soul?
Grasps all from East to West, and Pole to Pole.
Its warbling Voice, Right, Wrong, Truth, Falshood Sings,
Tuned to all States, Religions, Gods or Kings.
Oh Wit how Wide is thy Circumference?
Where thy Attractive Center's *Bread* and *Fence*.
Fence did I say! oh they have charming skill,
To rouse the Gaul of an Heroick Quill,
Is there not mighty sound and mighty sence,
In great *Iscariots* thirty clinking Pence!
By this *Lucina* hast thou born with pain,
The numerous Off-springs of thy teeming Brain;
More various Issues in *Nile's* slimy Bed,
Not thy own Patron *Phœbus* ever bred.
Thy pregnant Heats, like *Israels* wanton Lust,
First mould thy *Golden Calves*, then pound them into Dust.
Write on, and more then Winds or Freazy Range,
Keep still thy old Prerogative to *change*.
'Tis poor Humanity that's kept in bound,
Whilst Power unlimited is God-like found:
Then thy Great self thou wondrous Poet shew:
Honour and Principles [illegible]
Thy Mercurye's too proud to [illegible]
All Laws and Bounds let thy [illegible]
And raign the Prince oth' Air, in [illegible]

Reprinted in the Year MDC[illegible]

AN ELEGY

On the most celebrated Poet of the Age,

John Dryden Esq;

Who Departed this Life, May the 1st. 1700.

MOnarchs of *Wit*, and *Worlds*, must all lay down;
One Fate waits both the *Laurel* and the *Crown*.
Even DRYDEN, (what e'er Immortality
The Muse may claim) the *Bard*, alas, must dye.
Apollo's Eldest Son in Dust thus layd,
What Pomp must make his Funeral Cavalcade!
By the whole *Muses Race* that Honour'd Head,
To his great Urn in solemn Sables led.
WIT mourn'd by Wit! Those the chief Mourners here?
No; let that sullen *Tribe* bring up the Rear.
WIT's so ill Natur'd grown, they have not all
One genuine Tear, worthy to mourn his Fall.
At distance then the envying Scriblers stand,
Nor let His Rites be by false Tears profan'd.
Let Worth and Honour; the Ingenius *Fair*,
And the Learn'd *Great*, be the true Mourners there:
They whose rich Cabinets his Works adorn;
Who with his loftier Ayrs awake the Morn;
Or with his softer Numbers lull their sleep;
Theirs are the Eyes this *Albion* Loss should weep.
VVhat tho' the warmth of Youth in Age retire:
It chill'd no Spark of his Poetick Fire.
VVit's verdant *Boys*, unlhockt by VVinter's Blast,
Like VVit's great *Patron God* should *Youthful* last.
Vigrous and warm did his last Numbers glow,
Like *Ætna*, kept the Flame beneath the Snow.
To the last Gasp thus his tun'd Raptures ran,
And only finisht like the dying Swan.

VVhat

What tho' his *Laureat Raign* once shock'd by Fate,
(For *Wit*, like *Empire*, has its Turns of State)
The blushing World his Muse's Throne beheld,
By such poor *Empty Heads* supply'd, not fill'd;
He kept this yet unshaken Glory still,
He only lost the *Feather*, not the *Quill*.
Let *Garth's* and *Blackmore's* th' *Albion* World divide,
Whilst warring Criticks battle on each side.
Parties and Factions there in Arms appear;
Uncertain Victory, all Chance of War.
The popular Favour there on either side,
All Ebb and Flow, the Torrent's but a Tide.
Great *Dryden* no such giddy Scepter sway'd,
All Knees his Universal Homage pay'd.
DRYDEN so fill'd th' *Apollinary* Throne,
DRYDEN Wit's Alexander raign'd *Alone*.
And as when that *Great Head* no longer shin'd,
In Death his *World*, but not his *Fame* resign'd,
His numerous Successors put in their Claim;
So the poor *Rivals* to Great *Dryden's* Fame,
All petty Candidates their weak Pretensions raise,
And only Canton one his vast Immortal Praise.

EPITAPH.

Here lies in Dust, All that in Dust can lye,
As much of Dryden *as had pow'r to dye.*
Tombs we may build him. But where Ashes best
Deserve a Monument, they need it least.
His lasting Praise from dull Oblivion safe,
Is fairer Read, than in an Epitaph.
Nor needs there Pyramid, or vaulted Dome,
The Superstructure to enrich his Tomb.
His Pile of Volumes does that Work alone:
WIT needs no Mansoleum *but its own.*

22 JY 69

LONDON,
Printed, and are to be Sold by *J. Nutt* near *Stationers-Hall*.